

the composer & his unfinished symphony

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28727286) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28727286>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings , Major Character Death
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationships:	Wilbur Soot & TommyInnit , Toby Smith Tubbo & TommyInnit , Toby Smith Tubbo & Wilbur Soot & TommyInnit & Phil Watson , Technoblade & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Floris Fundy & Wilbur Soot
Characters:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Wilbur Soot , Floris Fundy , Jack Manifold , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Niki Nihachu
Additional Tags:	Time Travel , School Project , wilbur is from 1783 , Sleepy bois , Angst , Implied/Referenced Suicide , Classical Music , Hurt/Comfort , sbi
Language:	English
Collections:	Dolls Favorites , I Cry to These , moth's fanfic recommendations , canon divergence , Wilson's re-reads
Stats:	Published: 2021-01-16 Completed: 2021-01-18 Words: 10,568 Chapters: 6/6

the composer & his unfinished symphony

by [sp00nz](#)

Summary

when tommy was assigned a school project over classical composers, he never expected to know an 18th century musician in the ways he did.

when wilbur felt the most alone in his struggle to finish his final symphony, he never expected to meet a mysterious music boy who ends up completing his life.

Notes

this one is going to be longer with a few chapters, but i am quite proud of this! it does remind me of that one doctor who episode with van gogh, so some things may be similar.

(ty to some discord buddies who helped with this au!)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

“i don’t understand,” tommy whines, eyes straining against his computer, back slouching in his black chair. tubbo sat on the floor across the room, eyes glued to his own screen.

“it’s not too complicated, all you need to do is pick a composer from the list and make a presentation!” the brunette said confidently, already starting his own assignment.

the boys shared the same music class, both of them playing the piano. tommy would say he was a good player, but definitely gave most of the credit to his talented best friend, tubbo.

they were recently given an assignment where they were to study an 18th - 19th century classical music composer, and make a presentation explaining their careers and impact on the music genre. tommy had chose an easy slideshow presentation, but he had yet to even choose the composer in which he would study.

tommy twisted in his chair, facing his friend. the other looks up and laughs at tommy’s confused face, safely assuming he wasn’t listening.

tubbo sits up and walks to tommy’s side, maneuvering the blonde back around to face the monitor. he observes the list, many of the composers’ names already marked off as taken by the other students. on the bottom of the page, tommy perks up and points his finger at an unfamiliar name.

“who is that,” he asks.

“that’s wilbur soot,” tubbo gleams. “he was one of the first composers to get their hands on a guitar and used it for his pieces- very interesting guy!”

tommy hums in approval, writing in ‘wilbur soot’ as his presentation topic and clicks off of the site, opening up google slides and beginning his work.

reading the tragic backstory that wilbur had made tommy feel anxious. soot had lost his son, who's name was fundy, to his own father who thought he was unfit to take care of the young boy. he also lost his love, a woman named sally, in a shipwreck on her way home from france.

tommy felt bad for the man. every article he read talked down on wilbur who was suspected to be insane, trying to finish a symphony which only drove him mad. the way he lost his wife & son in the span of a few months, and turned to music in hopes of gaining peace.

everyone the musician knew turned their backs on him- no wonder why he went insane. if music was your only calming source, then it would make sense if someone went crazy trying to finish a masterpiece.

that's what many historians called his final composition. personal accounts, written by the few who have read the piece during it's beginning drafting states, called the music perfectly emotion-filled, extraordinary, and breathtaking.

he read that soot's final work, an unfinished symphony dawning the name 'forever unfinished', was lost among the people in his written will. historians had no trace of the supposed 'most beautiful work of classical music', yet suspected the son, fundy, had kept it for himself.

tommy wrote all this information into simplified bullet notes, later to be organized into readable sentences.

it must've been a few hours later, both of the boys jumping up at tubbo's phone alarm going off, signaling the time for his departure. tommy helps as tubbo picks up his work sheets and laptop, messily throwing them into his backpack.

they walk downstairs together, tubbo quickly saying his goodbyes to phil and techno-tommy's dad and brother.

“oh, tommy, before i forget,” tubbo grabs his phone and opens a link, copying and pasting it to tommy’s messages.

“this is for your assignment, since we have to listen to some of the classical pieces,” and with that, tubbo left, leaving tommy to go back into his room and click the link.

it lead him to a spotify playlist titled ‘wilbur soot- symphonies’. he stares at the many songs, around 10-20 on the playlist, and grabs his earbuds to plug them in, pressing shuffle and laying down.

the pieces were impressive, calming, very entertaining. random crescendos added excitement and suspense, yet the soft and soothing tones of soot’s guitar chords flowed through tommy’s ears. if music has a temperature, he would call the pieces warm. the type of warm where someone could easily fall asleep and not have to worry about being too cold or hot. the perfect temperature. for some reason, a wave of nostalgia washed over him. he felt at peace, like he was home, listening to the music.

before he could finish the third composition, he was asleep.

loud clanking of horse shoes and buggies jolted tommy awake. his back ached as he used his elbows to prop himself up, looking around his new surroundings.

a light dusting of snow covered the ground as a freezing breeze chilled the young boy’s bones. the cloudy skies dropped soft flurries, the temperature was frigid. he shivered, standing up in an old alleyway, dusting off his ...old looking trousers?

he stares down at his clothing. the khaki trousers were accompanied by dirty white socks and beaten up black loafers. his shirt, a loose, also dirty, white cotton long sleeve had a red button up vest tying the piece together.

how the hell did he get these?

his eyes dart up and he walks quickly through the narrow alley, staring at the main road as 18th century civilians cross across a large dirt path. tommy walks closer, not bothering to look around, only focusing on the brick and stone buildings casting shadows down the street.

he steps forward as a large black horse-drawn carriage comes racing forward, a deep voice yelling for the teen to move. before tommy can think, the carriage rides by straight into a puddle, splashing freezing, muddy water all over him.

“the streets are too busy around this time for you to frolic around mindlessly,” the voice calls angrily. tommy scowls as he wipes his dry sleeve over his face, cleaning up part of the mess.

it was so cold. the wind, sharp like knives, battered against his skin as tommy walked. his pace was slow, he tried not to look out of the ordinary. all he had to find was a bed & breakfast to stay for the night.

tommy stops, reaching into his pockets, realizing he had no money. he curses under his breath, and continues to walk down the streets as the day began to turn into night.

he made it passed a few blocks, the street lamps becoming the main light source of the roads. there were a few closed businesses, but no inns or hospitable looking houses for him to knock.

it was so, so cold, and tommy could feel his body begin to give way. each breath he took was shallow, his legs limping as he felt his arms go numb. he falls, straight onto his knees and onto his side, letting the cold overcome his body.

tommy slowly awakes, the new feeling of warmth surrounding him. he looks around, the tan couch he was laying on was close to a fireplace, which seemed to have fresh wood burning in

it.

he glances at the table next to him, piles of ink-stained papers covering up the wooden fixture. he lifts his arm up, reaching towards the pages, but stops as he looks at the new clothing. tommy was wearing a now clean, darker tan colored, loose fitting shirt. his vest was gone, but he still wore the same pants as earlier.

“ah, you’re awake.” the blonde whips his head around as his eyes meet brown ones. the voice was deep, smooth like honey, matching the man’s aura.

the man, who has curly brown hair, walks towards tommy with a cup of warm water, handing it to the boy.

“it’s too cold for you to be walking about with the clothing you’re in.”

tommy took the mug, taking a long sip of the soothing drink. he didn’t realize how bad his throat hurt until he began speaking.

“i’m lost, didn’t expect it to be so bad,” he begins, speaking hoarsely as the other slowly nods. “thank you, for helping me.”

the man smiles, nodding again. “it’s too late for you to travel back home now. you can stay here if you want.” tommy agrees, and the man returns to the kitchen to grab, what tommy hopes to be food.

tommy begins looking around again. the house was huge, two stories with large windows that were covered by white curtains. the furniture seemed to be new, in very good condition. whoever he was with must’ve had a lot of money.

“i apologize for the mess, i did not expect a visitor today,” the man states, bringing back a plate of roast beef and bread, urging tommy to eat.

he gladly accepts, letting the warm food help sooth his burning throat. he quickly finishes, letting his hungry stomach calm down.

“would you like some tea? more water?” the brunette asks.

“water, please,” tommy responds, quickly being served another hot cup.

“what’s your name,” the man asks, sitting in an arm chair across the room from the blonde.

“tommy- thomas,” he quickly responds, covering up the childish name to make him seen less suspicious than he probably already was.

“well, hello thomas, i’m wilbur soot.”

tommy chokes on his water, coughing up some of the liquid. wilbur stands up, rushing over to the younger. “are you alright? is something wrong with the drink?”

the blonde fixes himself back up, setting the cup down. “no, everything is fine. i was just shocked by your name!”

“my name?” wilbur backs away, sitting back down next to the boy.

“i know your name. you compose music, correct?” speaking a little fancier wasn’t as hard as tommy thought.

“you- you know who i am?” wilbur was very confuse. yes, he has composed a few pieces, but he never knew people had known him for it.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

wilbur reminds tommy that he needs to help around the house if he is going to be staying there. tommy doesn't seem to mind.

Chapter Notes

yoo i am speed running these chapters! hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

wilbur stared at the blonde with a confused look. "i have only published a few pieces. do you really know me?"

tommy nods, excitedly standing up. "your pieces are beautiful! i have heard them in a-" he thinks to himself. he can't just say he's heard them on a spotify playlist.

"my friend took me to a theater performance!"

wilbur's smile grows. meeting someone who has actually listened to his music filled him with a new sense of serotonin. he stands up with tommy, listening to the younger boy rant about the theater.

the brunette places a hand on tommy's shoulder, making the other quiet down. "do you know how to play the piano?"

tommy perks up, nodding. wilbur drags tommy into another room past the kitchen, quickly dodging furniture and papers. they stop in the middle of large room with high ceilings, large windows dawning elegant curtains. tommy stops in front of a grand piano, looking around at an old guitar hung on the wall.

“do you think you can play me a piece?” wilbur asks, nudging tommy’s back to where he sits on the black stool.

“i think?” he sets his hands on the keys, thinking of a song to play. his mind remembers a composition he had to make himself during music class, a simple chord progression that earned him a B+.

he begins playing, hands gliding across the keys with ease. each chord echoed through the hall as he hummed along to the melody. he hears wilbur quietly gasp, and when he stops, wilbur begins clapping.

“tom! that was beautiful! where did you learn to play?”

he shrugs, turning around to face the taller man. “i mainly taught myself the basics, but my friend taught me how to play more complicated pieces!”

“tomorrow, when you wake, i want you to teach me!” tommy stares at wilbur with a puzzled look. the brunette frowns, staring back. “unless you need to return home, but i still will ask of you to come back on a later date.”

tommy stares back at the piano, shoulders dropping. “i don’t have a home anywhere near.”

“then stay here as long as you need!” the two boys smile, tommy nodding at the offer.

“it’s late, however, and you deserve the rest. let me show you to your room,” wilbur takes tommy away from the piano and leads him up the stairs and down a hall, into a large bedroom. the bed was about a queen size, larger than tommy’s in his own house. in fact, the room was also larger than his own.

“there should be extra clothes in those drawers. just leave your dirty ones by your door and i’ll clean them tomorrow.” wilbur leaves tommy after lighting the candle next to the bed, making the blonde change into comfier clothes and climb under the sheets.

he thinks to himself for a few moments. how the hell did tommy just befriend a famous composer? he wasn’t going to lie to himself, he did miss his own house, but he felt more welcome here. with technoblade off at university most of the time, and phil clearly adoring techno over tommy, he felt like wilbur actually listened to him.

maybe he wanted to stay, just for a little longer.

when tommy awoke, a part of him was disappointed that he didn’t see his hamilton poster next to his bed. but another part was happy that he had another day to spend with wilbur.

the smell of breakfast filled his room as he slipped out of the sheets, and inched to the door, heading straight down the elegant stair case.

“ah, good morning, music boy!” he hears wilbur call from the kitchen. at the dining table, two plates with toast, cheese, and some left over roast beef sit at designated chairs. tommy sits at one, waiting for wilbur to return with water.

“i have some errands for you and I to attend to today, if you don’t mind,” wilbur says as he sits down, handing tommy a cup of water.

tommy looks up at him surprised. the other chuckles, grabbing a fork and begins to eat. “if you’re going to stay with me, you need to help out.”

he hums, digging into his food as well. it was good, nothing special. a typical breakfast for an english man.

they finish quickly, both boys setting their plates back in the kitchen, near a washing tub.

“there are some nicer clothes for you in the dresser, go put them on and make sure they fit.”

tommy heads upstairs and back into his room, opening the dresser to find a very rich looking outfit. the red tailored vest and matching coat were hung up next to a pair of dark brown pants. the puffy, long sleeved undershirt was folded down on the bottom with a pair of socks and black loafers to it's side.

he sighs, struggling to put on the clothes, yet succeeded after a few moments. he looks in the mirror, satisfied at his reflection. he walks down stairs, finding a freshly dressed wilbur, wearing a similar outfit as him, yet in a dark blue color, standing in the living area holding a few books.

“it does fit! very well,” wilbur begins, heading towards the door. “we have to return these at the library before noon, so let's hurry along!”

in an almost bouncy way, both boys hurried out the door and onto the busy streets. a few confused glances were thrown their way, but tommy brushed it off.

each new building he encountered, he would ask wilbur what it was.

“what's that brick building over there?”

“that's the local bakery. a nice lady named niki works there!” the brunette responded.

“and this?” tommy walks up to a darker tinted building, a green sign facing away.

“well, thomas,” wilbur began, walking in front of the sign and pointing. “if you would read the sign, it says ‘bookshop’.”

the blonde opens the door for the other, letting the older trot towards the counter with the heavy reads. a young looking man, barely older than tommy, runs up behind the wooden table and grabs the books.

“wilbur! good to see you!” he said loudly, making tommy flinch at the new voice.

“jack manifold! just the man i wanted to see!” wilbur matched the other’s energy, both of them laughing and catching up.

tommy didn’t pay attention. instead, he browsed around the shop, walking slowly and quietly as he scanned each book spine. he stopped at the section of science-based stories, picking up a certain book and examining the pages.

“ah, ‘mathematical principles of natural philosophy’! that’s a good read!” wilbur walks up to tommy, placing a firm hand on his shoulder. tommy jumps up, surprised by his presence.

“if that boy wants the book, he can keep it!” the blonde turns to jack, who was smiling widely.

“really?” tommy asks, looking back at wilbur, then back towards the bookkeeper.

“a friend of wilbur’s is a friend of mine! i have another copy in the back.”

wilbur chuckles, leading the younger towards the door. tommy calls out a ‘thank you’ and wilbur says his goodbyes, and they walk out of the cozy store.

“that man is nice,” the blonde says, scrolling through the pages.

“indeed he his. wait,” tommy looks back to wilbur, who was staring into a publication office.

“wilbur, are you alright?” wilbur nods, turning back to tommy and begins walking back home.

“i need to remember this new location. that man helps me publish my music.”

with an understanding nod from tommy, they both walk back to the large house, the blonde sitting onto the couch and reading his book.

wilbur walks to the music hall, sitting at the piano with paper and quill, his english guitar near his side. from across the hallways, tommy can faintly hear the piano keys being played, an unfamiliar tune swaying through the house.

tommy immediately fell in love with the notes, carefully listening to each chord being played. a few silent moments would pass, tommy assuming wilbur was writing down the notes.

he then heard the sound of the stringed instrument being plucked, the soft noises making tommy feel entranced. it suddenly stopped, a loud angry groan replaced them.

he sets his book down, marking his page with a scrap piece of paper, and walks towards to room, finding a frustrated wilbur staring down at the piano.

brown eyes look up at tommy, silently asking why he was in there. “your music sounds very nice, wilbur,” tommy says, pacing towards him.

“thank you.” the other responds nonchalantly, eyes averting back to the keys. “remember the piece you played for me last night, did you create that yourself?”

“i did.”

“can you teach me how to play?” wilbur's voice was soft, almost pleading for the other to sit next to him and conduct. tommy nods, setting down onto the small chair, knocking against wilbur's side.

his hands set on the starting chord, looking back at wilbur who was intensely paying attention. “you start off with c,” he plays the note slowly, shifting his hands over. “then to d, and then to a.” he plays the progression, wilbur staring intently.

“then you repeat that, but replace the d with e!” tommy plays, wilbur smiling as he brushes tommy away. the brunette copies the other, playing the notes perfectly.

“thank you, music boy!” they both chuckle at the new nickname. tommy was never fond of nicknames, other than the name tommy, but music boy seemed to stick with him.

while wilbur moved to his guitar, they both progressed the notes even more, adding new harmonies and chords to the piece. they stayed like that for hours, enjoying each other's company as they played the night away.

Chapter End Notes

comments are always appreciated!

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

wilbur finds out that his son is returning home after a tragic incident. mixed feelings happen.

Chapter Notes

another chapter down, only a few more to go!

it has been a week of tommy staying with wilbur. not a lot has happened, and tommy was getting used to the new schedule he followed every day. he enjoyed the talks he would share with wilbur, mostly ending up in them laughing at a silly remark either one had made.

they have had their fair share of serious conversations as well. some where about tommy's home, and how he does miss his own father, but felt as if his father didn't mind that he was gone. that caused wilbur to reassure tommy that fathers have a hard time connecting to their kinds, but tommy's father loved him nonetheless.

some conversations were about wilbur's lost love, and how he misses her beauty. he recalled the day he found out she had passed, and the day his father had come to retrieve his son because wilbur was deemed 'unfit' to take care of fundy.

even though the only time he mentioned fundy was during that story, tommy never understood how someone could think of wilbur as a bad father. he had taken care of the younger very well, easily letting tommy under his wing. he fed tommy, gave him clothes, and even let tommy buy his own personal goods, such as books and pastries.

currently, wilbur sat in his personal office. a decently sized room with a dark oak desk surrounded by bookshelves.

tommy hears the door being knocked on, and quickly walks up, and stares at the mail man, who hands him a single letter addressed to wilbur soot.

the mail man says his farewell, and tommy shuts the door, staring at the letter. the large name printed in the center caught the boy's eyes. printed in bold ink, the name 'fundy' stared back at him, taunting tommy to open the letter.

he didn't, knowing the trouble he could get in if he opened a personal letter, especially if it was from wilbur's own son.

tommy walks up to the office door, issuing 3 soft knocks, walking in as wilbur acknowledges him.

"hello, thomas! who was at the door?" the brunette questions, smiling fondly at the other. tommy walks up to him, placing the letter in the center of the desk, right at wilbur's hand.

the older looks down, and slowly picks up envelope, opening at the same pace, staring at the neat cursive words.

tommy watches as wilbur scans over it multiple times, over and over. he wishes he knew what was going inside his brain, but the unreadable face painted onto wilbur told him nothing.

"wilbur?" tommy asks softly. "is everything alright?" tommy seemed to asked that question a lot, but he truly was wondering.

"he..." wilbur pauses, breath heavy with every word. "fundy. he says he is visiting in a month's time... my father-" tear began to well up in his eyes. tommy rushes over, rubbing wilbur's back as the older began to sob, gripping the letter with force.

"my father has passed-" he cries into his hand, letting the tears fall onto the letter.

they sit like that for a while, letting wilbur regain his posture, calming down and regulating his breath. he sets the letter down and stands up, dragging tommy into a hug.

tommy stumbles back, but wraps his arms around wilbur's back, letting the other hold onto him tightly.

wilbur pulls back, wiping a tear from his face and sighing.
“i tried not to talk about fundy too much around you, but now you are meeting him.”

tommy let wilbur's hand rest on his shoulder, he was use to the motion by now. “why haven't you told me about him? do you love him?”

“of course i love him! thomas-“ wilbur stares into the young blue eyes. he blinks slowly, collecting his thoughts and staring back down at the floor. “when i found you outside, freezing, i was reminding on how i found my son. when you woke up, i saw a sense of youth that i haven't seen since fundy was taken away from me.”

tommy let wilbur's eyes fill up with tears again. the hand was drawn back from his shoulder, and wilbur turned around to face a box that sat on an almost empty shelf. the taller walks over, opening the small container and pulling out a piece of paper.

tommy walks behind wilbur, staring at the music notes that litter the page. “what is that?” he asks.

“when i asked you if you played piano, and you played that chord progression, it reminded me of a piece my son wrote when he was twelve.” he hands the paper to tommy, who recognizes the notes.

“and when i found out you had no where to go, i wanted you to stay.” he looks at tommy, smiling softly. “you remind me so much of fundy, i couldn't let you go.”

“i don’t think of you as a son, no. you are like my younger sibling- i feel obligated to take care of you, and i take pride of seeing you happy, knowing i have caused that.”

“i never told you about fundy because i didn’t want to get too attached to you. if i lost you, i don’t know what would happen to me.” he adds.

they look at each other in the eyes, both mutually agreeing to what wilbur had said, even if tommy had never known fundy personally.

wilbur looks back at the door, searching for his coat that hung next to it. “i must go relay the news of my father’s passing to others. can you stay here while im gone?”

tommy nods, letting wilbur walk out of the office and into the streets, leaving tommy alone in the room.

his curiosity leads him to the letter, delicate hands picking up the fragile sheet as he reads through the paragraphs.

‘Dear Wilbur,

I will be visiting your residence in the next month. Unfortunately, this visit is caused by the sudden passing of your father.

For years, since I was fourteen, he raised me in the beliefs that you were a terrible man- someone I should stay away from. I knew that wasn’t true, but he refused to let me communicate through letters or visitations. I regret listening to his cruel words, and I hope this letter finds you in good health.

He, himself, admitted on his death bed that he should not have caused such a divide in our relationship, but he never let go of his disliking towards you. I am sorry, but you deserve to know the truth. Although not appreciating you, your name was still mentioned in his will. We both inherit his remaining funds, which I shall be delivering upon my return.

I apologize for the short letter, but my mind is filled with many thoughts and I am finding writing this letter is a hard task. I dearly miss you, Father, and I wish you will accept my company once I arrive home.

With great love,
F. Soot. ’

tommy puts the letter down, walking into the living area and laying on the couch. wilbur’s son seemed like a caring man, but deep inside, tommy knew wilbur’s emotions would overcome him upon fundy’s return.

was tommy worried? a little. he didn’t want fundy to feel jealous of him. he knew wilbur loved his son greatly, but wilbur also had a problem with lashing out and getting angry at small occurrences. this made him wonder if fundy also had that problem, and what would happen if they mixed.

he didn’t want the two men to argue after seeing each other for the first time in forever, but some things are inevitable.

a knock at the door caused tommy to look up from the book he was reading. he walked over, and assuming it was wilbur, he threw the door opened and smiled.

but a man he had never seen before stared at him, causing tommy to drop his excitement.

“is wilbur soot home?” the man asked. tommy noticed how he definitely looked older than him, but was about an inch or two shorter. he also noticed the two large packages the man held near his feet.

the man had short, red colored hair with streaks of white peeking through. his voice was tinted with an accent that tommy’s wasn’t quite familiar with, and his chin sporting a peach fuzz beard that was hardly noticeable.

“not at the moment, but i can relay a message to him if you would like.” tommy says while leaning against the door frame.

“may i come in?” the ginger asked, a hint of desperation clouding his voice.

“i’m his son, fundy.” tommy’s face turned pale, a sudden rush of realization hitting him hard.

he moves out of the way, letting the man walk into the house, setting his belongings next to the staircase.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

tommy makes it back home, and somehow finds a way to go back to wilbur.

Chapter Notes

i understand if the story seems very patchy, but there is a reason for this! just stick with me- i hope my vision plays out well!

A LOT of stuff happens in this chapter, i went a little wild while typing.

tommy stared at fundy from across the room, and fundy stared back, both refusing to say the first word.

after an agonizing few moments, fundy clears his throat, speaking up. "i don't recognize you. what's your name?"

"i'm thomas," he says, shifting awkwardly in his chair.

"do you work for wilbur?"

"no, i live with him." fundy's eyes widen, staring at tommy in a confusing glare.

"what?" a hint of anger sparked in the other's voice. tommy quickly covered his story, afraid of what the man might say.

“i needed a home for a little while, and he offered me a room here. i should be gone soon, don’t fret.”

fundy chuckles, waving his hand dismissively. “i am not fretting, thomas. simply wondering why you don’t have a home.”

tommy stiffens up, staring at the floor. fundy notices, dropping his playful tone.

“i apologize, that was a lapse of judgement. you don’t have to explain.”

tommy shakes his head, looking back at the man in front of him. “if we are going to be living in the same house for a while, i see no problem in explaining.”

he shifts again in the seat, finding a comfortable position. “i randomly woke up here in an alleyway. i had thin clothes, and i went unconscious in front of this house. wilbur found me and took me in for the time being.”

“do you know where your home is?” fundy asks.

tommy shakes his head again. “no, i don’t remember.”

“your family? do you recall who they are?” the ginger questions, throwing the questions left and right.

“no. well, yes i do. but i don’t know where they are. we aren’t- we aren’t from here.” tommy sighs sadly, staring at his feet. he hears fundy hum as if he understood.

“i’m sure you know why i am here, correct?” fundy asks and tommy nods.

“we have similar stories, i believe. wilbur found me in the same way he found you.” the blonde responds.

they sit in an awkward silence, both refusing to carry on the conversation. a loud knock interrupts, causing tommy to walk to the door and open it.

wilbur grins and shoves past tommy, hastily hanging up his coat and walking straight to the kitchen, setting a box, of what tommy presumes is bread, and turns back to tommy.

“niki kindly gifted me some bread and offered some free pastries any time needed. she asked about fundy-“ wilbur stops, eyes darting to the living area and to the ginger man.

tommy watched as tears threaten to fall in both eyes, a quiet gasp coming from wilbur. fundy stood up, facing his father from across the room. in the blink of an eye, both men were hugging each other tightly, sobbing into each other’s shoulders.

“fundy! my boy, you’re home early!” wilbur cries, clinging onto his son’s jacket.

“the letter got delayed by a storm, i hope im not an inconvenience!”

wilbur pulls back and places both hands onto fundy’s face, “you are never an inconvenience! i missed you so much!” he pulls him back into a hug.

tommy’s eyes met wilbur as fundy’s back turned around. wilbur moves his head, motioning for tommy to go upstairs. he nods, leaving his book on the table and racing towards the bedroom.

once inside, he sits on his bed, staring out the window as he listens in on the other’s conversations. he can hear the others asking each other about how life has been, fundy specifically asking about tommy and how he got to know him.

tommy stopped listening in, as he felt bad for snooping in on their private conversation, so he puts away his book and goes to sleep.

he sleep didn't last very long. a loud yell made tommy perk up, the distinct voice of fundy yelling at wilbur.

tommy couldn't tell what the yelling was about, so he walked to his door and cracked it open an inch, letting the voices reach his ears.

“you replaced me!” the higher pitched voice squeaked.

“i did nothing of those sorts!”

tommy opened his door wider, slowly walking towards the top of the stairs so he could see the two men in the living room.

wilbur stood next to the fire place, the wood burning and crackling, across the living room from fundy, who was stood behind the large couch. his eyes were tired, sad, and angry. both men looked mentally exhausted.

fundy's voice drops to a whisper, and his hands fell to his side in defeat. “i was taken away from you, yet the moment i return, you have taken in a new young boy. what else do you expect me to think?”

wilbur opens his mouth, but quickly shuts it as fundy raises is hand to stop wilbur. “look around us! the tables are covered in music notes! i can see it in your eyes- you stay up all night working on these pieces! i wonder if tommy ever knew about this!”

“of course tommy never knew, and he doesn’t need to know! my music is private!” wilbur retorts.

“then why do you call him ‘music boy’?” that stung wilbur’s heart. he freezes, staring at the ground, ashamed. “you gave a stranger my own name? you may not want to admit it, but you have replaced me.”

tommy’s heart began to ache. he never knew he had taken the role of replacing fundy, and he did not want that to happen. he hears as fundy walks out the door, mentioning his return later that night. wilbur stood alone, letting loud sobs escape his mouth.

a large hand swipes the papers off of the table in a quick motion, causing the papers to fly around the room. some landed in the fire, the flame sparking up with the new material.

“i can’t do this!” wilbur cries out, pacing the room as he rips up the unfinished papers.

tommy walks down the stairs, his footsteps alarming wilbur as angry eyes snap up at the blue ones.

“get out!” he spits, causing tommy to step back.

“i don’t want you here! you ruined my life!” wilbur’s voice echoed, and tommy felt tears pricking in his own eyes.

“wilbur, please,” he says quietly, walking closer to the older man.

“no! i do not want you here!” a large book flies past tommy’s head and he quickly dodges, watching his own book he received from the library used as a weapon. his eyes widen as he runs to the door, hearing wilbur fall to his knees.

“wait! tommy, no! i didn’t mean it! come back!” the loud pleads, but tommy kept walking. he grabs a large coat, which happened to be wilbur’s dark brown one, and runs out the door.

he finds himself running back to the alleyway in which he arrived. his back hits the brick wall, and he lets the tears fall. he never should have traveled here, he ruined everything.

traveled? how did tommy get here anyways? the blonde shakes his head, sinking to the ground as he holds his knees to his chest.

“it’s not real- this is a dream,” he repeats, grabbing at his head.

“wake up, wake up!” tommy cries, rocking back and forth. his breath was shaky, his whole body ached. the young boy cried for what felt like hours, but was probably only for 10 minutes.

the fight reminded him of home- how he would argue with technoblade over the pettiest things. phil always chose techno’s side, barely agreeing to listen to tommy’s. so, tommy would yell at phil and shut him out, slamming doors and wishing techno would leave the house.

his house. even with the bickering he wants to go home. not to wilbur’s, but to his own. he misses tubbo, techno, and phil so much, and wishes he could get out of this dream, which had quickly turned into a nightmare.

all the thoughts running through he mind made him feel tired, the exhaustion creeping up on him as he calms down, closing his eyes as the dried tears stain his face.

“please wake up,” he whispers, and he lets the sleepy feeling take over.

when he finally does awake, he wasn't sitting in the snowy alleyway. instead, he feels the familiar cloth of his blanket.

his eyes shoot up, as he relishes in his new surroundings. his own walls- the posters and photos all hung in their respective place. tommy smiles, eyes grabbing his phone to look at the time. it read 'january 26th, 9:18 am'.

it had only been one night, that didn't make sense. tommy was at wilbur's for a whole week, so had it been a regular dream? yeah, must have been a dream.

tommy sighs contently as he runs downstairs. phil stood in the kitchen, cooking up some breakfast while techno sat at the table with a plate of toast, eggs, and bacon in front of him.

"good morning tommy," techno says as he munches on some toast. the toast falls back to the plate as tommy rushes over and wraps his arms around techno.

"i missed you," he says, mouth muffled in techno's shirt.
he feels an arm wrap around him, returning the hug.

"where did this come from," the deep voice asks as tommy pulls away.

"i never said it to you when you came home, i felt kind of bad," he confesses.

"tommy? feeling guilty? no," techno drags out the 'no' and laughs, tommy joining in.

"what's got you in such a mood?" phil chimes in, setting two more plates at the table and motioning tommy to sit.

"i, uh," tommy sits down, contemplating the past few hours. "i had an odd dream, just scared me that i could lose you one day. nothing much, really."

phil looks at techno, then back at tommy. “why would you ever think that?”

“there was a man. he lost his son for years, but then, he finally found him. they were so excited to see each other, he almost forgot how they struggled years back. but when he did, they got into an argument and pushed each other away,” tommy looks at philza. “i didn’t want us to get in that situation.”

the other two nod, and techno speaks up, “i think i speak for both phil and i, but no matter how many times we may argue, we won’t resent you.”

“even if i steal your food,” tommy reaches his arm and grabs a slice of bacon from techno’s plate. in one quick motion, technoblade snatches tommy’s wrist, yanking the piece of meat out of his hands.

“don’t push it.” phil wheezes as tommy pouts. as they all settle back down, they finish eating their breakfast in a comfortable silence. once done, phil takes the plates and sets them in the sink. “remember, tommy, you should be going over to tubbo’s today for your project.”

tommy nods, and heads upstairs to get dressed. he switches his red t-shirt for a new blue one, changes out of sweatpants into jeans, and puts on a hoodie and shoes. as he heads to the door, he notices a thin piece of paper sticking out of the pocket of his sweatpants.

he reaches for it, noticing it to be the bookmark he made for the book in his dream. how..?

he shakes his head, placing the paper into his own pocket, grabs his laptop, and turns out the door and out the house.

he made it to tubbo’s, the boy’s mom kindly letting him in and settling into the other’s room.

they worked for a few hours, tommy cleaning up his slides and putting the facts about wilbur's career into organized sentences.

"hey tubbo," tommy says, facing towards the other. he sat on the floor, back against the bed, as tubbo sat in his chair. "do you have a book about wilbur?"

tubbo nods, walking over to his bookshelf and picking up a thick yellow book titled '18th century composers'. "he should around page 78."

tommy accepts the heavy book, and flips through the pages to wilbur's short biography. it was about 2 pages long, mainly describing his music style, and how he reinvented classical music by adding a guitar to them.

another paragraph explained the relationship between him & his son. everything he read seemed to be true, the letter he read in the dream was the exact same as the one showed in the book. this confused tommy, for he had never read the letter before he went to sleep, yet he knew it word for word.

he continues on, reading the accounts by his son and a bookkeeper named jack manifold, 'that's the man who gave me my book,' tommy thinks. the accounts spoke about how they saw wilbur slowly decent into a more exhausted state as he continued his career.

but a certain section made tommy's eyes widen. it says there were rumors of wilbur adopting a new son during the early months of 1783, a boy that shared his own name.

'Mr. Manifold, a close friend of Wilbur's, wrote his account when hearing a rumor about Soot adopting a new son. "I never believed Wilbur replaced his son," he told another close friend through a series of letters. "He was just compassionate enough to help that young blonde boy through the winter. They just happened to grow a strong bond through music- as if they were siblings.'" The bookkeeper admitted to meeting the boy, saying Wilbur called him 'Thomas' - but the surname remains unknown.

Fundy Soot, son of the composer, spoke on the mystery boy as well, calling Thomas 'Music Boy'. He continued calling him that, even when speaking of the jealous feeling he had for the

boy, believing he was replaced by him to his own father. But even with the envy, Fundy spoke fondly of Thomas.

“From what I knew, the boy was gifted with musical talent. I have seen the notes he composed himself,” He responds when asked about the music. “I wish he would’ve written more, but his sudden disappearance prevented such.”

The music boy’s true identity has yet to be confirmed, but many speculate Wilbur had found the boy during a snow storm, and offered him a place to stay until he could return home. During this time, Wilbur was composing his soon-to-be final composition, and in his final letter, credited the boy for a simple chord progression, calling the chords “absolutely beautiful, the reason I worked so hard on the piece for so long.”

he reads over the paragraphs multiple times, focusing on the words, ‘sudden disappearance.’ if tommy is this boy, then how did he go missing? the last thing remembers was laying down in the alleyway- oh.

when he dreamed of that time period, he was only asleep for a few hours in the present. so is it the opposite for the past?

this- this didn’t look like a dream anymore. but how did he time travel? the technology hasn’t advanced enough for that to possible happen!

tommy closes the book, and turns back to his friend. “do you believe in time travel?”

tubbo meets tommy’s eyes, laughing at the random question. “that surly isn’t about music! why do you ask?”

tommy bites at his lower lip, moving the book to his side and standing up. “is it possible? like, right now?”

he lets tubbo think for a moment. “well, i know that researchers are looking into using black holes for shifting time periods, using those worm hole thingies to travel through with light speed!”

“is that all?” tubbo stands up and goes back to his bookshelf, picking up a science-fiction novel about time travel.

“well, unless you poses some psychological power that causes you to shift when having a significant object that pertains to said time period, then no, i don’t think you can.”

the blonde stares at the shorter with wide eyes and a frozen body. tubbo laughs, putting the book back and patting tommy’s shoulder. “i have another thing that will help you for the presentation!”

he lets the other reach into a drawer, pulling out two tickets to the local theater. “i can’t go to the show tonight, but i’m sure you can take phil or techno!”

tommy is given two slips of paper to back row seats for a show called ‘best of classical’.

“the show ends with one of wilbur’s best pieces! it will be a cool experience!”

“and when is this show?” tommy asks.

“tonight at 7!”

“tonight? holy shit!” tommy says, throwing the tickets into his pocket and shutting his laptop. he checks the clock, the time reading 5:30. tubbo urges him to go home and get ready, making sure tommy decides on seeing the event.

“i’ll see you soon, tubbs!” he calls out, running out the door (not before saying goodbye to the parents) and races to his house to get ready. he plans on inviting techno, who he knew

was a fan of classical music and arriving on short-notice to events.

“techno! phil!” tommy calls, opening the door with a spare key and locking it back, setting his computer in the kitchen. he notices a white napkin with a pen next to it sitting on the counter.

‘heading out to run errands, we’ll be back by 9.’

shit. tommy depended on techno to take him and watch the show with. what will he do know? he could go alone, but tommy didn’t want to go alone while a bunch of old people stared at him.

eh, maybe he just wouldn’t go. his mood had dropped, and tommy thought it over, grabbing a bottle of water from the fridge and heading up to his room. he did just ditch his best friend to see it, but he could easily go ahead and get the project done early!

that’s what tommy agreed to do. he’ll see a show on another day, but tonight he will just sit at his desk and work.

he changes back into some sweatpants, the tickets and sheet of paper from earlier falling out. he sets them on his desk and stares.

maybe he should go to the show alone- wait. he picks up the piece of paper from the ‘dream’ and examines it. the brittle torn page ominously sat.

if what tubbo said was right, the psychological power, and that he could shift again, could he with the paper? there was only one way to find out.

he grabs his earbuds, laying on his bed and shuffling the playlist tubbo gave him, and held onto the piece of paper as he drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

it was time for tommy and wilbur to say goodbye.

TW! implied/heavily referenced suicide attempt!

Chapter Notes

this is the end! i tried really hard with this story, and maybe i can continue to do longer pieces!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

tommy's plan had worked, and he found himself back in the alleyway where he fell asleep.

he quickly walks back to wilbur's, the cold night causing him to stumble on patches of ice. miraculously, tommy avoided falling, and made it to the large house, knocking loudly.

convinced that wilbur would open the door, tommy smiled widely. the smile quickly dropped, however, when the familiar ginger man opened the door.

“thomas,” fundy says, surprised. “i thought you left?”

“well, i'm back,” tommy remarks, walking in past fundy.

“if you're looking for wilbur, he is in the music hall,” the older adds, shutting the door behind him. “i'm going to sleep.”

as fundy walks into his room, tommy sarcastically mutters, “sweet dreams.” he finds the music hall, hearing soft piano notes being played. tommy stands, hoping wilbur acknowledges his presence.

it seems he has as the piano stops, and the sound of the stool is caused by wilbur standing up and turning to tommy.

“you came back?” he whispers, dumbfounded by the other’s return.

“i would never leave you,” tommy says, letting wilbur wrap him in a hug. he returns the gesture, listening to wilbur whisper soft apologies.

“it’s alright, i promise.” tommy pulls back, staring at wilbur with a comforting smile.

“i broke your book, i could’ve hurt you!”

“but you didn’t, i’m alright!” the blonde lets the other pull him back into a hug until wilbur retreats, pulling tommy towards the couch to sit.

“how are you and fundy?” he asks, sitting next to the brunette.

“he came back not too long ago. we both apologized,” wilbur responds, leaning his head on the back of his seat. “he is still upset, however. i can tell.”

“i’m sure he will lighten up by tomorrow,” tommy reassures. they sit in another silence, tommy shifting around.

he reaches into his pocket, surprised to feel two slips of tough paper. somehow the tickets had traveled with him. wait, he could take wilbur with him to the show! but how would that work?

“wilbur, i want to take you somewhere!” he exclaims, standing up triumphantly.

“it is quite late, thomas. are you sure?” wilbur raises his eyebrow

he watches as tommy pulls out the tickets, handing one to wilbur. he examines it, staring at the date in confusion.

“wilbur, i am not from here,” tommy’s tone had change to a more serious lecture. “i’m not from this city, not this country, not this year. i am from the future.”

wilbur bursts out in laughter, doubling over and holding his chest. “you- future,” he giggles, breathing heavily as he tries to catch his breath. “you are funny, music boy.”

“wilbur.” tommy scowls, causing the other to stop and look up. “i’m being serious. please trust me on this.”

“what exactly and i trusting you with?”

“i want it to be a surprise, but you will not regret it.” tommy holds out his hand, motioning for wilbur to shake it. “do you trust me?”

the older nods, entering the handshake. tommy gleams, sitting back down to explain how his traveling had worked, and how he plans on using the same technique for the two of them.

wilbur would be lying if he said he understood what the blonde was ranting about, but he trusted him enough to follow whatever tommy said.

that lead them to lying down on opposite sides of the couch under some quilts, holding onto their individual tickets.

wilbur found it easy to let sleep overcome him, but he stayed awake due to tommy's constant shifting. "are you alright?" he asks softly with a raspy voice.

"i can't sleep," the other admits.

they both fall back into silence, until tommy perks up at the sound of wilbur humming. the tune was familiar to both of them- one of wilbur's songs.

the younger smiles, laying his head back down and letting himself fall asleep.

tommy woke up to the sound of soft snoring, turning over to see wilbur in his bed.

wilbur was in his bed. tommy stood up quickly, shaking wilbur like a madman to wake him up. the older jumped, staring at tommy, and then to around the room.

he stands up, pacing around the room in awe. tommy only laughs, turning to the clock on the wall.

"we have to change clothes!" tommy says frantically, the clock reading 6:30 pm. he leads wilbur into techno's room, picking out a yellow jumper, light gray jeans, and a pair of nice shoes. all clothes techno would never care to lose.

the both are dressed within minutes, and they race out the door towards the theater.

to say that the theater was packed was an understatement. hundreds of people packed the seats and hundreds waited in line to redeem their tickets. tommy & wilbur were lucky to get seated right before the show.

tommy watched as wilbur flips through the pages of the show pamphlet, reading the synopsis of every band member. the blonde takes it away from the brunette, hearing the beginning notes of the show.

it begins with tchaikovsky - symphony no. 6. wilbur's eyes sparkle, hearing the piece for the first time.

tommy noticed the same sparkle that would appear at each unfamiliar song, filling the older with a new sense of joy that neither of them have seen before.

the end of the show was inching closer, the beginning notes of the final song being played loudly. tommy can hear a small gasp escape from wilbur's mouth, surprised brown eyes meeting adoring blue ones.

wilbur mouths the word 'mine', questioning if his suspicions about the piece were true. tommy nods, confirming that the band was playing wilbur's own piece.

the song ends majestically, perfectly executing the dramatic crescendo. the theater erupts in cheers and claps, the people standing as the band takes their bows. tommy stands, motioning wilbur to join him.

he does, joining into the applause. as he claps, he looks around, people staring in admiration and love for the beautiful classics. and that's when it hits him. they were cheering for wilbur. FOR wilbur.

a single tear rolls down wilbur's face, a happy smile creasing his cheeks as he heard more whistles and applauses.

he made it. he really made it.

they arrived back to tommy's house at 8:55, wilbur still starstruck by the performance. he found it hard to not thank tommy constantly.

"there is something i need to tell you," the older admits, climbing into tommy's bed as tommy sits in his desk chair.

"tell me in the morning, you need to go to sleep."

wilbur nods, turning to the side facing the wall. tommy turns to his computer, listening to wilbur begin to snore.

he pulls up youtube, typing in the title of one of wilbur's symphonies, and turns the speaker volume to a very low number. he presses play, resting his head on his arms, which laid across his desk.

both men woke up around the same time, finding themselves on the same spot on the couch. wilbur stands up, pacing the room as the moonlight shines through the window.

"that was real? are you sure it wasn't a dream?" he asks tommy, who sat up on the couch and rests his feet back on the floor.

"i'm sure, wilbur, check your pockets." wilbur does, quickly dropping the ticket onto the floor as he covers his mouth with his hand.

"no," he said muffled. "how is this real- how are you... are you an angel?"

tommy laughs, picking up the ticket from the floor. “no, i believe not. but i’m here for a reason, i just don’t know what it is.”

wilbur turns to the piano, finding the unfinished composition notes resting on the keys. “i need to finish my symphony.” he reaches forwards, but tommy’s hand grabbed onto his arm to stop him.

“no, you can’t.”

“but why?” wilbur asks, grabbing tommy’s hand and pushing it away.

“you don’t understand,” tommy begins. “if you finish it, the success you saw won’t happen!”

“it’s called the butterfly affect. by me staying at your house, history books in the future began to mention me! if you finish you’re symphony, the mystery behind it would be solved, and the attention won’t remain!”

“oh,” wilbur responds. he looks out the window, watching a light breeze cause a ripple in the trees. “do you know why it was never finished?”

“well, that’s the point of the mystery, wilbur-“

“thomas,” wilbur interrupts.

“sorry. no, i don’t know why.”

wilbur sighs, leaning against the window seal. “thomas, i never finished the symphony because i don’t plan on living past tomorrow.”

oh. the conversation took a very serious turn, causing tommy to shift awkwardly.

“wilbur, are you serious?” he watches as wilbur nods. tommy walks up next to him, copying wilbur’s stance against the window.

“the world is not meant for a man like me, and that’s alright,” he mentions. “and, like you said, if i don’t, i might not receive that success.”

tommy’s own words were used against him. he watches as wilbur turns to him, both pairs of sad eyes meeting each other.

“i am a failure, thomas,” he dismisses the head shake tommy gave him by placing a hand on his shoulder. “i hurt my son, and i disappointed my father. i have overshared my stay on god’s green earth.”

“you haven’t disappointed me!” tommy retorts.

“well, you aren’t from this time, are you?” wilbur smirks, causing tommy to back down.

“wilbur, i don’t want to forget you,” the younger admits, tears filling his eyes.

“oh, thomas,” wilbur sighs fondly, moving his hand to cup tommy’s cheek and wipe a tear away. “you don’t have to remember, but just in case,” he reaches into his pocket, pulling out a gorgeous pocket watch connected to a chain.

tommy holds the golden chain in his palm, switching his gaze between the two.

“take this, as a reminder that, although physically i am not, my soul and music are timeless.” wilbur states, taking his hand to close tommy’s around the watch.

“you don’t have to remember me, but do know that i will remember you.”

tommy lets the tears fall as he holds onto wilbur, crying into the older’s shoulder. wilbur moves his hand into tommy’s hair, stroking it lightly. “i will be alright, thomas. we will meet in another life, i promise.”

he feels as tommy nods against his chest, arms still holding onto the other. wilbur pushes him back, and leads him through the halls and to the staircase.

“you need to go home.”

“will you stay with me?” wilbur agrees, following tommy upstairs and into the bedroom. he tucks him in, sitting on the edge of the bed.

“do you really have to stay goodbye this way?” tommy asks, the sound of his heartbreaking was audible.

“yes, thomas. my success is inevitable if i do this, and that’s all i could wish for.” wilbur pats the quilt, standing up and heading towards the door. as he begins to close, he hears tommy’s small voice whisper.

“i’ll see you soon.”

“same to you, thomas.” the door shuts and the blonde drifts to sleep, clinging the pocket watch up to his chest.

wilbur walks down the stairs, passing by fundy’s room. he walks in, shocked to see fundy still awake.

“i love you, my son,” he says, voice littered with sadness.

as he tries to shut the door due to an awkward silence, fundy stands up, throwing his foot in between the door and wall. wilbur stares, tumbling back as fundy embraces him in a tight hug, a muffled 'i love you too, father' is heard, sounding like music to his ears.

they let go of each other, letting fundy shut the door and go back into his to bed. wilbur heads to his respective bedroom, searching in his drawers for the brown rope hidden behind some trousers.

he grabs a pen and pencil, writing a short letter to his son and tommy, leaving it on his bed next to his written will, waiting for someone to find it.

he sets up the rope, standing on a chair, and lets the noose catch him.

now, for the first time in forever, wilbur had felt free, surrounded by love and the knowledge of his future success.

he had made it.

tommy wakes up in his own bed, dried tears causing his skin to feel dry. he panics as he feels an empty space in his hand. he moves the blanket around, a relieved sigh leaving his mouth as he finds the golden chain, the pocket watch shining in it's respective color.

he sets the watch onto his desk as he stands, moving to his own chair and turning on the computer. he opens google, quickly searching 'wilbur soot death'.

hundreds of articles popped up in seconds and he clicked on the first one, reading it with anticipation.

wilbur had done it. the article stated that wilbur had died of suicide by hanging, leaving notes for his son, and the mysterious music boy on the bed near his body and will. wait- mysterious music boy?

tommy scrolls down to the photos of the written letters. a photo of the will, the letter to fundy, and the letter to (what tommy hoped) himself filled his screen.

he skims through fundy's, the long letter mentioning how much love he held for his son, and he hopes he lives him in knowledge that he is dancing in the sky with sally.

the will stated that his residence would be given to fundy, along side most of his funds. the rest were divided between niki and jack, some of wilbur's closest friends.

he then came up to the final letter, tears pricking at his eyes as he reads through wilbur's final message.

'My Dear Music Boy,

I truly believe you were an angel sent to me by God himself. You were with me at my lowest- even if I never showed it, finding me in the darkest of days, inevitably causing my death.

You witnessed my love for my son grow as he returned home, even if you were convinced he hated you. I can assure you he only spoke fondly of you when we were alone. You are adored by all, even by Niki and Jack, who only had the opportunity to be in your presence for a short amount of time.

I thank you, greatly, for the gift of knowledge. You have taught me so much, reminding me that we are timeless, no matter our situations. The symphony you helped write is forever unfinished, and it shall remain that way.

Because the beautiful fact about music is that it never truly ends. Every piece is unfinished, even the ones with an ending note. That note is just the beginning of a story, a novel that

engulfs many in love and admiration.

We, my dear music boy, are the never ending story, so let me be that ending note. Your story is just beginning, and you have so much to look forward to in the future. Your intelligence is beyond your years, and you have blessed all you have come in contact with because of your wit.

That pocket watch you hold shall forever remind you that we are timeless, and so is my admiration for you. May your eyes rest upon the trinket any time you miss me, and let it remind you that I patiently await your arrival in the afterlife.

Goodbye, Thomas.

Forever your brother,
Wilbur Soot. '

Chapter End Notes

this is the end! i hope you enjoyed! ALSO! PLEASE READ THE A/N ON THE NEXT CHAPTER!

Chapter Summary

Read!

Feel free to leave your questions (the questions can be about this story, or about my writing in general!) in the comments here! My writing can sometimes be patchy, and i would like to clear up some things that you all might be wondering!

ALSO! The story doesn't necessarily have a true ending because I wanted to follow the theme of music being never-ending. I hope that you all use your imaginations to creat your own stories to follow!

But, with that, I hope you all enjoyed this story! I tried my best, and I am hoping to continue making more stories like this!

End Notes

ty for reading, hope you enjoyed! comments are always appreciated!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!